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mistake sick sheep for dead, and healthy sheep for sick. Trot off with your susceptibilities elsewhere, if you please. There's a hatchet in the next room."

VI.

Have I left a single stone unturned to carry my point? demanded the Wolf of himself. Yes, there is a chance for me yet. I have it! And full of hope he came to the cottage of the sixth shepherd.

"Look at me, Shepherd!" he cried. "Am I not a splendid quadruped for my years? What's your opinion of my skin?"

"Very handsome and glossy indeed," said the Shepherd. "You don't seem to have been much worried by the dogs."

"No, Shepherd, no," replied Isegrim, "I have not been much worried by dogs, but I have been and am worried, awfully worried, Shepherd, by hunger. Now, the case being so, as you admire my skin, you and I shall strike a bargain. I am grown old, and cannot live many days longer: feed me then to death, cram me to the gullet, Shepherd, and I'll bequeath you my beautiful skin!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Shepherd. "You come to the person of all on earth most interested in compassing your death, and you demand of him the means to enable you to live. How modest of you! No, no, my good fellow, your skin would cost me in the end seven times its worth. If you really wish to make me a present of it, give it to me now. Here's a knife, and I'll warrant you I'll disembarass you of it before you can say Trapstick."

But the Wolf had already scampered off.

VII.

"Oh, the bloody-minded wretches!" he exclaimed, "give them fair words or foul, their sole resort to you is still, the hatchet! the cleaver! the tomahawk! Shall I endure this treatment? Never! I'll return on my trail this moment, and be revenged on the whole of the iniquitous generation."

So saying, he furiously dashed back the way he had come, rushed into the shepherds' huts, sprang upon and tore the eyes out of several of their children, and was only finally subdued and killed after a hard struggle, during which he managed to inflict a number of rather ugly wounds upon his captors.

It was then that a venerable shepherd of five score years and ten, the patriarch of the village, spoke to them as follows:—"How much better, my friends, would it have been for us if we had acceded at first to the terms proposed by this reckless destroyer! Whether he was sincere or not, we could have easily established so vigilant a system of discipline with respect to him that he should not have had it in his power to injure us. Now, too late, we may deplore the evil that we cannot remedy. Ah, believe me, my friends, it is an unwise policy to drive the vicious to desperation: the hand of the outcast from society becomes at last armed against all mankind; he ceases after a season to distinguish between friends and enemies. Few, perhaps none, are so bad as to be utterly irreclaimable; and he who discourages the first voluntary efforts of the guilty towards reforming themselves, on the pretence that they are hypocritical, arrogates to himself that discrimination into motives which belongs alone to the Supreme Judge of all hearts, and becomes in a degree responsible for the ruinous consequences that are almost certain to result from his conduct."

M.

## TO KATHARINE.

BY J. U. U.

Believe not I forget thee: not for one  
Dark moment have I been thus self-divided  
From that deep consciousness which is for ever  
The light of all my thoughts; it were to lose  
My own existence—a chill blank in life:  
For all is colourless when love deserts  
The heart—sole centre of all joy and woe;  
Whose light or gloom all nature wears. Believe  
My breast still weary till it turns to thee,  
The load-star of its constant faith—unchanged  
By distance or by time. For thee it cares:  
For thee its joys are treasured up untasted,  
As scattered sweets which the home-loving bee  
Hoards for its mossy dwelling far away.

## THE JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

THE Jerusalem artichoke affords a plentiful supply of winter food for sheep and cattle, and is highly serviceable in situations where, owing to the unfitness of the soil, or a deficiency of manure, turnips, carrots, mangold wortzel, or potatoes, can be cultivated only to a small extent. Mr Morewood, in the "History of Inebriating Liquors," p. 399, thus treats of the advantages attending its cultivation:—"In some parts of the north of France the root of the Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*) has been introduced for the purpose of distillation. The wash from this vegetable is found to yield a very pure strong spirit, which resembles that obtained from the grape more than any substitute that has hitherto been tried. As the root grows readily in Great Britain, and might be cultivated abundantly, it would be well to try the experiment here, as we have no medium spirit between genuine French brandy and the fiery produce of grain sold under the denominations of gin and whisky. In Ireland the cultivation of this plant would be attended with great advantage, since it thrives well in a boggy soil; and in a country like it, where there are so many unreclaimed and waste lands, its culture would be a profitable speculation, for while the roots would afford a fine material for distillation, the tops would yield more fodder than the same space of ground, if sown with ordinary grain."

In Scotland this plant is only to be found in the gardens, the agriculturists of that country being, it would seem, as yet unacquainted with its value as a fodder. According to Mr Tighe, in the "Survey of Kilkenny," p. 342, it has been partially introduced into that county. He says, "The Jerusalem artichoke has been tried as a food for sheep by the Rev. Dr Butler; he found them very fond of the roots, which agreed well with them; the quantity produced in ground without manure was calculated to be at the rate of one hundred barrels per acre (a barrel is five bushels or twenty stones). Being very hardy plants, they will thrive in a poor soil without any manure, and are extremely productive: pigs may be fed with them as well as sheep; and as horses are said to be fond of the tops, it is surprising that their use in agriculture has not been more general. One advantage attends their cultivation—they are not liable to be stolen like turnips, cabbage, young rape, and similar plants; they are not with more difficulty extirpated from ground than potatoes, though this had been objected to them, and will perish soon when the field is laid down with grass."

## EARLY STRUGGLES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

ANECDOTE OF ROOKE, THE COMPOSER.

WE do not know if it be stated in the Life of Sir Walter Scott that several years previous to his death he had proposed to write a work on the early difficulties to which the most illustrious men of genius in the British islands had been subjected, but it is within our own knowledge that during his visit to Ireland he avowed this intention, and for this purpose collected facts relative to our own most distinguished countrymen, some of which were obtained from ourselves. Such a work, as that great man would have written it, would be of inestimable value; and it is deeply to be lamented that the difficulties in which his own latter years were involved should have prevented him from undertaking it. We have been reminded of this interesting fact by the following anecdote, which has been communicated to us by a friend, illustrative of the early difficulties with which one of our most eminent countrymen had to contend, and from which he succeeded in extricating himself, no less by persevering energy of mind, independence of spirit, and propriety of conduct, than by the possession and cultivation of talents of the highest order—we allude to the author of the opera of "Amilie, or the Love Token." We give the anecdote in our friend's own words:—

"William M. Rooke, the composer of the delightful music of 'Amilie,' an opera which has spread his musical fame far and wide, had in early life to contend for years, in his native city, Dublin, against difficulties which would have broken the spirit of any one, save a man endowed with the strongest mental powers: indeed, many men of great talents have sunk under trials which the genius and perseverance of Rooke have at length overcome, placing him at his present height of celebrity as a British composer. None can so truly estimate his merits as those who are aware of the hard fortune of his early days,